



Sorin Cerin

The
Immortality
of Love

Philosophical
poems

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2019

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SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that "weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

CONTENTS

- 1. The Immortality of Love**
- 2. At our first Meeting**
- 3. Is leading its own Night**
- 4. The Memory**
- 5. They made equilibristics**
- 6. Sold for nothing to the stalls of the Despair**
- 7. The indifference of the coals of Thoughts**
- 8. What were lost anonymously**
- 9. Tears of Rust**
- 10. At the lapel of the Absurd**
- 11. The cold Glances of cement**
- 12. The Zodiac Sign of the sick Luck**
- 13. The Glances of the Endlessly**
- 14. Tied to the throats of Hopes**
- 15. In the Hourglass of our Feelings**
- 16. Any trace of Endlessness**
- 17. The Sign of Indifference**
- 18. If you did not exist, Love**
- 19. Through the bank accounts**
- 20. Will no longer succeed ever**
- 21. On, at the corners of the genes**
- 22. The ever more tired Dreams**

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

- 23. Washed in the Tears of the Dreams**
- 24. The Balance of the Glances**
- 25. The ever more turbulent rivers**
- 26. The Despair and Pain of our Destiny**
- 27. Rigor Mortis**
- 28. Through the Cemeteries of the Words**
without meaning
- 29. The Truth of the Heart of Fire, of the Love**
- 30. Roots, deep and bitter**
- 31. Where to go?**
- 32. And to hurts**
- 33. But without ever succeeding**
- 34. Which, they crush us and now**
- 35. In the Shadows of the Dreams**
- 36. We look for the lost Dreams**
- 37. All the Stars of Love of this Universe**
- 38. We have to crawl them**
- 39. The Hearts of the Hopes of Grass**
- 40. A Feeling crucified on the Destiny of**
Moments
- 41. It struggles to live**
- 42. The Farewell kiss**
- 43. Rained, with Details**
- 44. The Darkness of the Forgetfulness**
- 45. They have nothing to say, never**
- 46. In the hot Blood of the Memories**
- 47. On the other shore of Dreams**
- 48. Until when the Gong**
- 49. At the Theater of the Words**
- 50. At the Windows of the Destiny**
- 51. The sad Neons of the Glances**
- 52. The Illusions of the saving Death**
- 53. The Watchtower of the Pain and Despair**

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

- 54. Summer, of, Feelings**
- 55. Rebellion and Concern**
- 56. The Eyes of Falling Stars**
- 57. Navigating on the riverbeds of the Wrinkles**
- 58. Then when the Windows of the Happiness**
- 59. The Shadow of Destiny**
- 60. When neither the Hopes**
- 61. The Despair of the bloody Dawns**
- 62. Locomotives of Meanings**
- 63. Under the thick blanket of Absurd**
- 64. On the Streets of Nobody's Feelings**
- 65. Wine of Feelings**
- 66. In the showcases full by the defective neons of
the Words**
- 67. Through the Veins of our Glances, lost**
- 68. In the Eyes of Your Immortality**
- 69. Blizzards of Pain**
- 70. Through the slaughterhouses of the Dreams**
- 71. We no longer want to know anything**
- 72. Nobody, no longer claims them**
- 73. With the unfulfilled Desires**
- 74. Deleted addresses**
- 75. The Storms of the dark Emotions**
- 76. The last Act**
- 77. The Hopes, increasingly exhausted**

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

1. The Immortality of Love

Dawn of thorns,
picked for the crowns of Despair,
which, they will be put,
on the sweaty and cold foreheads,
of the Hearts of some Words,
in the Souls of which,
we lived somewhere-sometime,
Incidentally,
Together,
with ourselves,
and where, we thought,
that all the World of Glances,
in which we were losing us,
belongs to us,
until it began to snow,
with the falling stars,
of the dead Moments,
among the bodies of which,
we are lost,
forever,
by the Immortality of Love,
in which we believed.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

2. At our first Meeting

Horizons wiped, in great hurry,
of on the tables of the Thoughts,
so that they to not stain us,
the Shirts of Glances,
on which I clothed them,
somewhere sometime,
I do not remember when,
perhaps at our first Meeting,
and now I took them again,
recently washed,
in Fear on Lead,
of the increasingly exhausted Hope,
of to meet us again,
The eyes of Destiny,
which they are watching us,
crushed by the Tears of the Love,
which, it can not understand,
what namely is looking for,
among the heavy and cold Lattice,
what they keep locked up, behind them,
the Dreams, increasingly tired and desperate,
who have come to no longer believe,
in none of us.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

3. Is leading its own Night

Bloody dawn,
from the deep wounds of Loneliness,
who is leading its own Night,
so drunk,
that injures, on anyone,
who comes out in her way,
even if it crosses only the Zebra,
what barely breathes,
after, the mad chase,
through the Jungle of Dreams,
hunted by the Good and Evil,
of the poisoned arrows,
of the Glances.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

4. The Memory

Wandering through the Cemeteries of Words,
we seek our own tomb of the Happiness,
whose name is hidden,
to not be profaned,
her Memory,
since the old Times,
when she hid with us,
through the homeless Days of Love,
in order not to be discovered by the Destiny,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which, they will curse her and after Death,
because she has given us the power to know,
the Image of the Eternity of Moment,
next to which we danced,
until they collapsed over us,
The Dawn of the Loneliness,
they have crushed us so much that,
none of us, Love,
we have no longer been ever,
what we should have become,
in a World,
where the Original Sins,
they would not have made the law of Despair and Absurd,
written with the blood of our own ancestors,
on, the cloudy Skies of the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

5. They made equilibristics

Years spoiled,
by the Death,
which knows how many Breaths,
has received as a gift,
on their part,
lured by the ropes,
soaped with clouds,
of the Horizons,
which have facilitated,
every time,
the suicide of Moments,
by hanging,
while our Destinies,
they made equilibristics on them,
leaning,
by the Walls of Good and Evil,
when they were unbalanced,
from the deceiving arms,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

6. Sold for nothing to the stalls of the Despair

Heavens sold for nothing,
to the stalls of the Despair,
without any roof,
apart from the homeless Days,
of the cups of nowhere,
on which they drink them to us,
the Rains of Words,
at the dilapidated gates,
at the dilapidated gates,
of the Cemeteries of Memories,
from which the Dawn of the Tears of dew,
they still drink,
the Water of Illusions of Life and Death,
after which still yearns,
The blood thirsty,
of the Sunsets from us.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

7. The indifference of the coals of Thoughts

Thorns, of Memories,
sharpened by the indifference,
of the coals of Thoughts,
burned by the cold Night,
of the Dreams,
in the furnaces of so many Hopes,
what they boil depressed
in the dirty Water,
what washes ceaseless,
the mortuary mask,
on which we carry it,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from which we build us,
the absurd Destiny,
of the Despair.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

8. What were lost anonymously

It's raining with nausea,
from the obscure Glances,
of the Darkness,
which has let your heavy Steps,
loaded with black and cold clouds,
of the Loneliness,
over our Hearts of Fire,
which have been extinguished,
among the Tears of the falling stars,
of our Eternities of Moments,
what were lost anonymously,
under the blanket of Horizons of Despair,
which flow,
through the veins of the Illusions of Life and Death,
and have stained us, the lost Glances,
together with the Absurd, which nourishes,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of a World of the Nobody,
on which, we were born,
without asking us, No one,
Nothing,
Ever.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

9. Tears of Rust

Lost among the Asphalt Hearts,
I try to hug,
the Glances of the wandered wheels,
of the Dreams,
what, they run toward Nowhere,
through the veins of the infernal traffic,
of the Despairs,
what have rained with Tears of Rust,
over, the axles of the Thoughts,
ever more gnawed,
on bare chests,
of the Memories.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

10. At the lapel of the Absurd

Nervures what can barely support,
their own leaves of the Thoughts,
yellowed,
what, fall into the Nothingness from ourselves,
of on the rusty foreheads of the Memories,
of an unrecognized Truth ever,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
of our Destiny,
what can barely breathe,
through the agglomeration of homeless Days,
of the Happinesses,
what they became simple badges,
which have lost their shine,
for to be worn at the lapel,
of the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

11. The cold Glances of cement

Clouds of Words,
wandering on the Sky of Hopes,
increasingly dark and cold,
they begin to shed,
the Tears of the Rains of Meanings,
ever more clothed,
in, the gray lead of the Loneliness,
what walks, pressed,
over the Horizons of Nostalgia,
crushing them the Hearts of Wind,
which bring storms to the Dreams
for to be replaced,
with, the cold Glances, of cement,
of the Statues of some Promises,
of to be together,
ever unhonored.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

12. The Zodiac Sign of the sick Luck

Misunderstandings, torn,
from the calendars of the Tears of Wind,
of the homeless Days,
from the Zodiac Sign of the sick Luck,
in whose Glances we wash us,
the Steps lost by ourselves,
on, the streets without names,
of the Hopes,
from which the Loneliness,
has braided us,
the Destiny,
increasingly deserted,
by, our own Self,
lit by the Sunsets of the Nobody,
until the flames of Longing,
they were going to devour it definitively,
from the eyes of the Star which guided us, somewhere -
sometime,
the Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

13. The Glances of the Endlessly

Traces blunted,
by the Steps of the Nobody,
on which we carry them, dispirited,
in the arms of the disappeared Love,
after the Horizons in which we believed,
that we will be fulfilled,
the Glances of the Endlessly,
from the Soul of Eternity of our Moment,
with the Divine Light of Dawn,
of the Absolute Truth,
on which, when we received it,
we were so blinded,
by the own Illusions of Life and Death,
that none of us,
we did not realize,
that it embraces us,
the Senses paralyzed
by the Incarnation in Non-Senses,
of this Existence.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

14. Tied to the throats of Hopes

Windows of Dreams,
closed to the Dawns, what they want to cross the threshold,
of the Endlessness
from the Eyes of the statues of Words,
on which we have carved them,
and now it rains with autumn,
over the increasingly oppressive Walls,
what they have incarcerated us the Dreams,
among the increasingly tight lattice,
of the Loneliness,
from which the Illusions of Life and Death,
have come to build us,
the Destiny,
on which we wear him everywhere,
tied to the throats of Hopes,
threatened, that they will be hanged,
by him,
if they will want more,
than is allowed them,
by the Absurd and Despair,
of this World.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

15. In the Hourglass of our Feelings

Come to we get drunk,
with the cups of nowhere,
of the Absurd,
which still has remained us of drink,
Love,
and then to we throw us,
in the sea of the Tears of Wind,
which has shattered the sand of Memories,
what once, sometime,
was in the Hourglass of the Feelings,
both so alive and present,
on which, has broken it,
with our Dreams,
what seems to have passed,
long before than all,
The Times of the Despair,
of this World of Nobody,
together.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

16. Any trace of Endlessness

Wings of Wind,
they strongly strike the Heavens of Words,
increasingly loaded by the Clouds of lead,
of the Expectations,
through the ruined stations of our Souls,
what they still believe in the trains of the Happiness,
which do no longer stop on the rusty rails,
of the Truth,
of more than an Eternity of Moment,
stolen by the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Heart of the Dream,
of to ever be together,
next to the falling star,
of the Love,
which we want to revive,
for to save us,
from the Loneliness that consumes us,
any trace of Endlessness.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

17. The Sign of Indifference

We sell us every time,
the Words,
to the flea market,
of the lost Glances,
among the stalls with Nothings,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
who have tattooed us,
on the forehead of Destiny,
the Sign of Indifference,
on which, she had to recognize him,
the Love,
when she walks,
at the fractured arm,
of the Truth,
on the deserted streets of the Hopes,
of this World,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

18. If you did not exist, Love

If you did not exist,
Love,
the whole World,
would be a Cemetery of Hopes,
in which we would bury,
the withered Dreams,
from the broken vases of the Memories,
whose nails,
they would tear us the Heaven of Thoughts,
until would no longer remain,
Nothing,
from the Truth what would become defeated,
by the lost Steps,
of the Glances, wandered,
on which now,
we still longer succeed,
with the last powers,
to save them,
from the whirl of the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to bring them alive and unharmed,
in the harbor of our Hearts,
where we know, that you exist,
Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

19. Through the bank accounts

Rusty dreams,
they are lying through the ditches of the Wrinkles,
waiting crucified,
on the Absurd of the Despair,
The Illusions of Death,
to come to take them,
on the dusty roads,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
what they have remained them,
through, the bank accounts,
of the Homeless Days,
which he has given them us, for use,
the God of Pains.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

20. Will no longer succeed ever

They have deafened us,
even the Echoes of the Pains,
on the cold and indifferent streets,
of the Absurd,
filled with the Living Statues,
of the increasingly heavy and deleted Moments,
on the tables and so,
so deserted,
of the Horizons,
on which we dress them every time,
when we go out,
on the sad cliff of the Glances,
ruined in the waves of Destinies,
increasingly, famished,
by ourselves,
those who, we have lost ourselves,
of so much Time,
that Nobody,
not even one Feeling,
will no longer succeed ever,
to find us again.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

21. On, at the corners of the genes

Fingerprints cold,
with the tears of the wiped Words,
on, at the corners of the genes,
of the ancestors of Despair,
from which we draw,
the Breaths of the Absurd,
from which we have carved us the Dreams,
increasingly avant-garde and misunderstood,
with the body of which,
we clothe our Love,
what trembles in one,
by the penetrating cold,
from our Words,
so frozen,
that nothing, no longer can,
to bring them back among the Dreams of the Happiness,
what still await us,
with the Glances of the lost Hearts,
through the stations of the Hopes,
whose railways,

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

seem to be rusty,
a long time ago than the Weather,
who gave us birth, somewhere sometime,
the Pain,
through which to we succeed,
to we know us,
our Own Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

22. The ever more tired Dreams

The horizons,
of so many Thoughts,
they can barely be carried,
by the ever more tired Dreams,
of the Happiness,
over, the Hearts of Ice,
of the indifferent Glances,
from the streets of the Despair,
where the Loves of this World,
they never give their addresses,
they being afraid,
to not meet,
with their own Destinies,
fated by the Illusions of Life and Death,
specially for them.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

23. Washed in the Tears of the Dreams

I'm looking for you, Love,
among the weeds that have never been mowed,
by, the Destiny,
of the Dawn of the Loneliness,
by me myself,
washed, in the Tears of the Dreams,
ever more depressed and humiliated,
through the Cathedral of Truth,
of this World,
Predestined to the Absurd,
filled with the profane Icons,
of a Holiness,
of the Crime and Robbery,
to which are praying so many Moments,
what they have lost their Eternity, forever,
waiting for us, in vain,
Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

24. The Balance of the Glances

Shadows, of Dreams,
they drown,
through the veins of the Memories,
whose Hearts,
barely are flickering,
through, the ever more dense fog,
of the Wanderings by ourselves,
of, which, then,
when we hit ourselves violently,
we lose every time,
the Balance of the Glances,
what they fall into the abyss without end,
of the Forgetfulness,
what envelops us forever,
The Dawn of the Loneliness,
what they will press defiantly
from now on,
each Eternity of Moment,
crushing its breath,
until,
will turn into a Nothingness,
from which we will appease,
finally,
the hunger for Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

25. The ever more turbulent rivers

It snowed with Smiles,
over, the heavy Winter of the Loves,
these being snowbound
with the immaculate snow of the Dreams,
until are covered,
and their last Sighs,
over which the Clouds of some Words,
misunderstood and desolate,
they poured the Lead of the insecurity,
what has crushed the shaky bridges,
of the Glances,
on which has received them in gift,
the Destiny,
to cross us,
the ever more turbulent rivers,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what are flowing,
through the riverbeds of the Hopes,
whose withered petals,
they dress us the lost Steps,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

26. The Despair and Pain of our Destiny

Wings of fresh graves,
they unfold threatening,
above the Dreams,
what they dare to rise,
over the Wrinkles of Words,
at whose soles, has knelt,
our Love,
before it collapses,
crushed by the lead Horizons,
of the homeless Days,
what, they were waiting for us impatiently,
to give us, a cup of nowhere,
from the Water of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which they sail and now,
the Despair and Pain,
of our Destiny,
what we were forced to drink him,
up to the end of the powers,
of the Truth.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

27. Rigor Mortis

Poisoned steps,
in, the Dawns bloodied,
by Expectations,
in which we drown,
the defiance by ourselves,
believing that once will find us,
the Hope,
seeing how we stand,
on desolate shores,
of the lost Glances,
among the roots of Dreams,
torn chaotic,
from the dust of the Eternity of Moment,
of a Love,
what still holds us tight,
the wedding rings of the Glances,
with clenched arms,
by a Rigor Mortis,
on which barely now we observe him,
in the Soul of the Subconscious Stranger,
from ourselves,

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

what deepens,
in the Heart of a Tear,
dreaming to lose breath,
forever,
to no longer exist,
alongside so much Loneliness,
without us.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

**28. Through the Cemeteries of the Words without
meaning**

Cries,
what they have lost their shores,
orphaned by the Echoes of the Dreams,
buried,
through the Cemeteries of the Words,
without meaning,
on which we have reached,
to we address them daily,
to our own Love,
what has become,
she herself,
a deaf Cry,
on which it seems,
that Nobody will hear him anymore,
ever,
from the Tears in which he drowned,
trying to save us,
from the dark abysses,
of the Indifference.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

29. The Truth of the Heart of Fire, of the Love

Light me, Lord,
the Truth of the Heart of Fire,
of the Love,
so that I may burn with him,
the entire Eternity of the Moment,
on which, to we no longer forsake her, never,
knowing that only she,
gives birth to Immortality,
from the arms of the Perfection of Your face,
at which to we worship,
each Dream,
on whose wings,
to we fly every time,
toward the Absolute of the Subconscious Stranger,
to whom we will hug,
the true Meaning of Love,
what we will become for Eternity.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

30. Roots, deep and bitter

Words have become for us,
fences full of rust,
on which we stretch out,
the dirty laundry,
of the Thoughts,
and of which we can not pass,
toward the Freedom of to be ourselves,
those left in a Dark,
where, we have wandered to endlessly,
waiting for the train of the Hopes,
to stop and in the deserted station,
of our Feelings of lead,
haunted by the Hearts, of Wind,
of the Loneliness,
which, scatters them the dust of the Moments,
dry and cold,
toward that Nowhere,
which has caught,
roots, deep and bitter,
in the blood of the Dawn,
of our Destiny,
Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

31. Where to go?

Walls pierced,
by the Hearts of Wax,
of the Steps that are melting,
in the streets of the Rains of Words,
of the Storms lost,
in the Blood of the sunrises,
heavier,
and, impracticable,
by the wheels of the seasons of the Happiness,
which have stuck,
on the bridges of the homeless Days,
of our Destinies,
ruined in ourselves,
Love,
where to we go ?,
if we have lost us,
so much,
by you?

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

32. And to hurts

The peeled Promises,
of on the slippery stems,
of the Glances,
they deepen, drowning,
in the waves of Memories,
increasingly frozen,
on, the slopes of the Forgetfulness,
cool and accurate,
what belong,
of a Time of Nobody,
whose Gates,
we wash them unceasingly,
with, the Tears of the endlessness,
of a Love,
what is stubborn,
not to leaves us,
and to hurts,
from the deep and deaf hiding places,
of an endless cry,
of the Silence.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

33. But without ever succeeding

Cold sweats,
what they refused to become,
godly and humble,
under the ruthless and sharp Soles,
of the Forgetfulness,
from which, the Despair,
wants to carve,
always,
a talisman,
of the Indifference,
but without ever succeeding,
to hang him at the chest,
of our Destiny,
what barely manages to breathe,
crushed by the Steps of the Nobody,
which have longer remained us
to we shoe them,
believing that they would take us back,
toward the lost Love,
on the desolate and cold Horizons,
from ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

34. Which, they crush us and now

Crossroads
of impracticable Roads,
through which they stand,
the Moments of the Nobody,
without anyone ever knowing,
that under their roofs,
have lived the Loves,
what they chose to leave,
beyond the heavy and black gates,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
which, they crush us and now,
with their Loneliness,
the Tombs of the Expectations,
from our Glances,
in which we fell,
forever,
wandering us in the depths,
of the Hearts of Wind,
of the Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

35. In the Shadows of the Dreams

The hearts of Heaven,
of the Feelings,
they began to collapse,
over the Promises of the Dawns,
what they press us,
with the breath of Loneliness,
the Steps of our homeless Days,
what, they deepen
in, the Shadows of the Dreams,
being everything,
what, would have longer remained from us,
Love,
and can it still wait for you,
in the ruined Station of the Hopes ,
whose name,
I think we've forgotten him, we all,
because in front of it,
seems to no longer have stopped,
no train of your Moments,
of, more than an Eternity.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

36. We look for the lost Dreams

It's raining with Indifferences,
over the ice of the Loneliness,
melting the gray lead,
from their homeless Days,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
leaving him to drain,
through the veins of our Glances,
sick of Wandering,
on the increasingly crowded streets,
of the Pain,
where we look for,
the lost Dreams,
knowing that we will not find them again,
Never,
among the bright showcases,
of the Despair,
among whose neons,
we play the roles of, Living Statues,
of the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

37. All the Stars of Love of this Universe

Build for me, Eternity,
the Moments,
in a single Heart of Fire,
who to beat for both of us,
and to kindle with her heat,
all the Stars of Love,
of this Universe,
what, still they stand hidden,
in the cold of indifference,
of so many Glances of Wind,
what are blowing careless
over, the Spring of the Lives,
of so many Loneliness,
and would like to be able to burn,
for you,
on the street of our Dreams,
what barely awaits,
to receive the name,
of your Eyes,
Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

38. We have to crawl them

Storms of Dreams,
they began to thunder and lightning with Glances,
on the thresholds of the Despair,
who loses her identity,
in an Absurd,
of the Hearts of Ashes,
what would burn for us,
Love,
on the forehead of Horizons,
who have handcuffed us,
with Memories of Lead,
on which we have to crawl them,
after the Ancestors,
of all Words,
in which we have found ourselves again,
somewhere, sometime,
the Happiness.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

39. The Hearts of the Hopes of Grass

The arrows of the Unrests,
they are heading,
toward the Destinations without target ,
of the uncomfortable Steps,
in, the lead boots,
of the Clouds of Dreams,
what, they press us,
the Feelings,
with their rains of end-of-World,
through which we lead us,
the Hearts of the Hopes of Grass,
dried now,
to be grazed,
by a hungry Glance,
of the Nobody,
what, run toward Nowhere,
a long time ago, since when,
was born for us, the Time,
of the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

40. A Feeling crucified on the Destiny of Moments

Lights off,
by the Flames of Indifference,
what wanders,
through the Eyes of Hopes,
trying to finds,
a Feeling,
crucified on the Destiny of Moments,
always so empty,
through which they pass carelessly,
the homeless Days,
burned by the breathing,
of the Thoughts of lead,
of the Despair,
as later,
to collapse,
together with her,
on the black asphalt,
of the frozen Words,
on which we are addressing them, to us,
without we ever knowing,
how much they were penetrated,

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

by the sharp hooves,
of the Zebras of some Dreams,
which, they haunt us,
and seem to no longer succeed,
to cross us, ever,
toward the Love,
at which we believed,
that, we will can reach.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

41. It struggles to live

It snowed, with Moments,
over the forehead of the gray Horizon,
so deepened,
in the snow of Dreams Cemeteries,
that he completely forgets,
by the Divine Light of the Present,
of a Love,
who struggles,
to long live,
frozen by the snows of the Words,
through which we try to reach,
to the Soul of Heaven,
of the Eyes of some Feelings,
which to receive us,
with the fire of our Hearts of embers,
in their Glances,
of ice,
on which we will melt them,
once and for all.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

42. The Farewell kiss

The rusty memories,
what, not even, sharp,
can no longer be,
barely they can support themselves,
by the graves of Moments,
among the plastic flowers,
in the decomposition,
of the Dreams,
what were certainly,
disposable,
once what,
they were thrown,
being so brilliant,
to the trash cans,
of the homeless Days,
where they have found their addresses,
our last Words,
on which, we barely uttered them,
among the lead rays,
of the pale Sun,

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

of a Love,
so sick of us,
that she could barely succeed,
to lead us,
on the last road,
The Farewell kiss.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

43. Rained, with Details

Waves of Wrinkles,
they hit themselves noisily,
by the decomposed Smiles,
of the Silence of Words,
increasingly cold and depressed,
crushed by the Drought of Meanings,
what, they seem, to no longer be rained,
with Details,
of better,
by an Eternity of Moment,
in which we wanted to hide,
the Immortality,
in order not to be stolen from us,
of Time,
increasingly indifferent,
of the Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

44. The Darkness of the Forgetfulness

When I have touched,
the forehead of the Heart of Heaven,
of the Word of Creation,
by the dark Walls,
of the Separation from you
Love,
and I remained unshaken,
feeling their coldness,
how it collapses,
over the breath of the Soul,
of everything what could mean Feeling,
in a World,
on which, I would have rebuilt her,
only for you,
more beautiful and sincere,
I'm praying hot,
at the Sacred Fire of Truth,
which to ignite us,
forever,
The Divine Light of Immortality,
of a Love,
alongside which,
to we become a single star,
which to illuminate,
The Darkness of the Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

45. They have nothing to say, never

No matter how much I would carve,
in the stone of your Soul,
and I would like to give life,
to the statues of homeless Days,
of the Happiness,
all without, the Retrieval of Self,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
I will remain,
even if it were,
to hug you endlessly,
Eyes naked and devoid of life,
what are left of you,
Love,
through which they look at me deeply,
your Cemeteries of Words,
silent and wandering,
what, they have nothing to say, never,
to the Cries of my Silences,
what they still boil,
after the Dawn of the Hopes,
what will they close,
all the gates of the Loneliness,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

46. In the hot Blood of the Memories

Endless Days,
they barely carry their gray lead,
of the Destinies,
in the arms lacking in strength,
of the Eternities of Moments,
killed unjustly,
under the Steps of the Dreams,
what they barely creep,
towards the Hearts of Fire,
of the Wishes,
what they seem to be extinguished,
of long ago than the Times,
by the Indifference of Glances,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
which have dug us deeply,
in the hot Blood of the Memories,
with the cold from the lips of Meanings,
what they freeze us in depth,
every Feeling,
what could ever to kindle,
Your Fire Sacred,
Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

47. On the other shore of Dreams

Bridges of Tears,
they unite us the shores of the Pains,
by, those of the Despair,
carrying on the back of the Eyes of Heaven,
cloudy, with Premonitions
the Dreams, increasingly heavy,
of the Unfulfilled Hopes,
on, the streets without addresses,
what make meanders,
through the Hearts of Blizzard,
of the Love,
lost to the dice of the Feelings,
what, they have come to live,
through the ruined Days,
of the vain Expectations,
of to ever succeed,
to cross,
on the other shore of Dreams,
and something else besides,
of Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

48. Until when the Gong

We always run,
toward Nowhere,
accompanied by the Tears of the Days,
without shelter,
on whose scenes,
we play the roles,
of Living Statues,
on which they applaud them,
only the incarnated Moments,
of the Destiny,
what seems absorbed and dismayed,
in vain,
by the uninteresting piece,
for God,
of the Illusion of our Life,
on which we have to play it,
until when the Gong,
of the Illusions of Death,
will beat the end of the performance,
for Love,
Pain, Hate or Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

49. At the Theater of the Words

The cold unrests,
what they seem, endless,
they devour us the Foreheads of the Dreams,
ever more sweaty,
of the Heaven from the Blood of Dreams,
which rains us with Memories,
on the deserted streets of the Glances,
where we wander toward Nowhere,
always breaking us,
one Eternity of Moment,
from the bitter bread of Time,
what must feed us,
the Absurd,
which gives us with the hand of the Despair,
every time,
a place in front,
at the Theater of the Words,
where the play of Love is played.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

50. At the Windows of the Destiny

The resigned Expectations,
have snowed with Sighs,
over the untangled hair of the Moments,
of a Candle of melted Hopes,
after the Hearts of Wind,
which, have shattered them,
the rust of Memories,
placed on the candlesticks of the Retrievals,
of the old Cemeteries of Words,
what they seem to lie without end,
on the cold and massive Walls,
of the Despair,
descended from the Dawn of the Loneliness,
at the Windows of the Destiny,
on whose windowsills,
we put each time,
the wheat of the sprouted Glances,
by the Fear,
of to not remain and from now on,
the same Living Statues,
which are obligated,
they to play at endlessly,
the same role,
of the Pain.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

51. The sad Neons of the Glances

Clouds of Flames,
they rain with Tears of Dreams,
over the stretches,
what they seem without end,
of the wax Souls,
which melt,
in the palms of Expectations,
increasingly tired and helpless,
by the Hopes kindled,
increasingly difficult to find,
on the modern Boulevards,
of the Desperations,
where, they give a show for us,
the sad Neons of the Glances,
what, they illuminate the Showcases of Happenings,
of the Destinies of the Living Statues,
of the Loves,
what they should have been hosted,
by our own Hearts of Words,
and not by the ash of the homeless Days,
of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

52. The Illusions of the saving Death

We knock in vain,
at the gate of Destiny,
believing that he will open us,
and will let from slavery,
the Love,
which trickles on the Window of a Kiss,
of the fluffy Clouds of Dreams,
without we knowing,
that, these,
they will eventually rain,
with, the Lead of the Loneliness,
over the massive Walls of the Future,
which will separate us,
so much, by ourselves,
that we will remain,
the same Living Statues,
what, they complain the shop window of their own Soul,
on the streets of the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Nobody,
hoping that, at the end,
they to be applauded,
by the Illusions of the saving Death.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

53. The Watchtower of the Pain and Despair

Why are you looking for us, Lord,
with Your Hell,
when, we love,
and we want to stay,
in the Eternity of the Moment,
defying the Destiny of Loneliness,
by ourselves,
on which you have destined it for us,
from the Watchtower,
of the Pain and Despair,
from, whose Being,
you gave us, and to us,
the food of the Soul,
with, holy magnanimity
being forced to we drink it,
from the cups of nowhere,
of the Illusions of Your Life and Death,
to the end,
by the Delusion,
what seems to no longer never end,
besides,
the Expectations without end,
of the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

54. Summer, of, Feelings

Leaves of rusty Dreams,
are detached,
from the hair of the Moments,
on whose Eternity,
we've danced,
the entire Summer, of Feelings,
of some Hopes,
what have proved equally vain,
as are now for us,
the homeless Days,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
through which we try in vain,
to we live,
together with the Love,
whose address,
we pretend we lost her,
at the unscrupulous lottery,
of the Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

55. Rebellion and Concern

Being lost,
among the Smiles of Wrinkles,
of some homeless Days,
from whose Hearts of Wind,
it seems we're pouring us,
desperately,
in the cups of nowhere,
of the Dreams,
the whole Rebellion and Concern,
of the World,
of, which, we get drunk,
until we fall,
in the deep ditches,
of the Remorses,
of to not succeed,
to we invite us,
at the wild dance of Destiny,
the Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

56. The Eyes of Falling Stars

The zodiac Signs in mourning,
what they lost their Moments,
they offered themselves at the edge of Destiny,
to they guide us,
toward the Cemeteries of the Memories,
where they guarantee us,
Eternal Peace,
with the Unrests of the Feelings,
whose Hearts of Fire,
still kindle
the Horizons of the Boundlessness,
from the Eyes of Falling Stars,
of our Dreams,
what they seem to be lost,
of long ago than the Weather,
in the dust of the vain Hopes,
of the Absurd of this World,
of the Despairs.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

57. Navigating on the riverbeds of the Wrinkles

Deep Silences,
through whose veins,
still is flowing,
the Blood of infernal Struggle,
of the Loneliness, by ourselves,
when we wandered toward Nowhere,
holding us by the chipped handles,
of the cups of nowhere,
the only ones which still binds us,
one of the other,
with, the steams of the Memories, of bitter coffee,
of an Eternity of Moment,
what we both know,
that it will no longer return, never,
navigating on the riverbeds of the Wrinkles,
of our Expectations,
Love.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

58. Then when the Windows of the Happiness

Then,
when the Moments,
they are seeking a meaning,
even among, the graves, of Words,
of homeless Days,
through which we are wandering,
alongside the Sacred Fire of Eternity,
torching the Horizons of Dreams,
with the Flames of the Feelings,
Then,
when the Windows of the Happiness,
are always forgotten open,
by, the Destiny,
when the Wings of Angel of the Hopes fly together with us,
over, the entire Time,
of the Renaissance,
you will know, Love,
that we have succeeded,
to be truly ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

59. The Shadow of Destiny

I trampled you accidentally,
the Shadow of Destiny,
what was trickling chaotic,
on the Windows of the Hearts of Nowhere,
of the mad Zebras,
what they traversed us toward nowhere,
the Moments what could barely breathe,
the Memories, ever more erased,
of the Love,
what had helped us somewhere, sometime,
to catch the Horizons of Endlessness,
with the palms of the Divine Light,
from the lava of the Feelings,
what erupted,
from the volcanoes of our Dreams,
whose sentimental geography,
we lost it on the shores,
which have drowned,
in the Ocean of Indifference.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

60. When neither the Hopes

Know that we will succeed,
even then,
when neither the Hopes,
they will no longer find their purpose,
and the Years will wander,
on the Horizons of Despair,
drowning themselves, indifferent,
in the Tears of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Rain of vain Dreams,
through which we will run,
we seek,
through the weeds of the Absurd,
the Love,
so sick of ourselves,
that it will choose,
even and the Agony of Dawn,
what disturbs us, the Destiny,
just to be together with us,
when we will decide,
we to build together,
The Cathedral of Truth,
of to stay together.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

61. The Despair of the bloody Dawns

The zodiac Signs of Fire,
they burn the Destinies,
on the alleys of the Cemeteries of Dreams,
in which we have buried,
The Eternities of the Moments,
without which, the Loves,
remain orphan,
begging a Hope,
be it and vain,
on the steps of the Cathedrals of Hearts,
at whose Icons they pray for,
seldom a Feeling,
which to feed them,
The Despair of the bloody Dawns,
of the Loneliness,
indebted with one Death,
to each Destiny,
of the Absurd of the Vanities,
of this World.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

62. Locomotives of Meanings

The dusty roads by Thoughts,
they fry,
under the desert sun,
of the Absurd,
from whose steams,
Locomotives of Meanings,
they pull their poisoned sap,
of to move on
crushing the Horizons,
discolored and transparent,
of the cups of nowhere,
with the rusty wheels of the Seasons,
what they barely spin,
over the Desperations,
deeply rooted,
in the Dust that is eaten by bitter drought,
of the Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

63. Under the thick blanket of Absurd

Scenes, dilapidated and deserted,
they still wait for their Living Statues,
at the gates of Pain Maternity,
where the shouts of the new births,
of the Despair,
are, barely heard,
from under the thick blanket of Absurd,
which covers the Night of the Nobody,
whose falling stars,
they seem to have fulfilled their ungrateful Destiny,
from the depressed and heavy Glances,
what they fill us, the Veins,
of the extinct Feelings,
about which the archaeologists of the Love,
they claim that somewhere sometime,
Before Time,
were traversed by the Blood of Horizons,
what they fall now, cold and indifferent,
over the distances of the Loneliness,
from ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

64. On the Streets of Nobody's Feelings

Lattice of Regrets,
they shade us the cold foreheads,
full of the sweat,
of the Memories of lead,
what they barely sneak,
accompanied by the deserted rays,
of the vain Dreams,
through the Eyes of Heaven of the Distances,
what they run toward Nowhere,
leaned on the rotten Hopes,
of the rusty Autumns,
what, they fall deaf,
on the barren dust of the Words,
what they no longer have any purpose,
no matter how free and independent,
they would be,
on the streets of the Feelings,
of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

65. Wine of Feelings

Although, we exist,
in a World of the searches,
we never succeed,
to we find us, on ourselves,
without the Love,
whose Wine of Feelings,
squeezed from, the vineyard of the Words,
what have something to say about each,
when the palms of the Kisses,
they cut off her blessed fruit,
of the Colors of Feelings,
on which we get to pour them,
in the fermented glasses of the Glances,
which we drink until,
the whole World becomes a drunkenness,
of the Fulfillment of a Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

**66. In the showcases full by the defective neons of
the Words**

The dry regrets,
at the sun of Indifference,
decompose us the vain Hopes,
in the dough of Eternities of Moments,
kneaded by the Destiny,
for to bake new Despairs
which to be placed,
together with our Absurd roles,
in the showcases full,
by the defective neons of the Words,
cold and indifferent,
on which, we,
The Living Statues of the Absurd,
we are obliged to utter them,
to the own Hearts of Nowhere,
whose Glances,
they walk on the silent and deaf boulevards,
of the mute Cries,
through which we express the Pain,
of the Loneliness by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

67. Through the Veins of our Glances, lost

The deep traces,
drowned in the Shadows of the Hopes,
what have existed somewhere- sometime,
on this Realm,
of the cups of nowhere,
from which we drink up to the bottom,
the Cemeteries of Words,
what they trickle us often,
drowned in the Tears of Heaven,
of the Rains of Dreams,
through the riverbeds of the deep Wrinkles,
of Expectations in Vain,
of the Loves,
whose stars,
fall hard every time,
and have been shattered,
on the black asphalt of the Night,
unbounded,
which flows,
through the Veins of our Glances,
lost,
among the Horizons of lead,
which constantly crush them,
the Eyesight.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

68. In the Eyes of Your Immortality

Angel wings,
are opened,
in, the Tears of Heaven of Dreams,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
on whose waves,
we sail towards the Immortality,
found in the Glances,
in which we lose us,
any bodily feelings,
becoming again that Godhead,
what does not seem to be fallen,
in the trap of the Incarnation,
from the Original Sin,
which has never belonged to us,
Love,
even if desired,
to be likened to you,
by a God,
which he has never been ours,
because we would have rediscovered Him,
every time,
in the Eyes of Your Immortality.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

69. Blizzards of Pain

Blizzards of Pain,
they disturb the Blood of the Dawns,
which flow,
through the veins stabbed with Questions,
of the Horizons,
more and more distant,
by the Cemeteries, of Words,
at whose gates we knock with strength,
believing that they will open us,
the own Dreams,
transformed into a Paradise,
of the Fulfilments,
on which we threw them from ignorance,
on the vault of the Darkness,
of our Souls,
where neither the faces of the falling stars,
of the Feelings,
they no longer show up,
among the Blizzards of Pain,
of the Memories that are not counterfeit,
by the heavy gray,
unbearable,
of the Sunrise of the Loneliness.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

70. Through the slaughterhouses of the Dreams

The blinds, pulled chaotically,
over the Steps what barely hold themselves,
in the spotlight,
of some decomposed Memories,
what, they became moldy, on the scenes gnawed,
by the Living Statues of the Moments,
ever more lonely and abandoned,
by the chance that she still had,
the Love,
to approach,
and by the Showcase of our Destiny,
when the strident neons,
of the Commercials,
they announced us the entry,
in the show of the Despair,
of this World of the carnal Absurd,
sold at overpayment,
through the slaughterhouses of the Dreams,
loaded by Pain.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

71. We no longer want to know anything

How many lessons of generosity,
the Despairs give us,
when they drown our Dreams,
in the Forgetfulness of this World,
about which,
often,
we no longer want to know anything,
where God has reincarnated its,
the Original Sins,
brought from who knows which Spaces,
of the carnal Absurd,
what they seem to never have heard,
until now,
of Steps,
more or less discreet,
of the Freedom of Self,
what are always served,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
from the cups of nowhere,
of the Absurd.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

72. Nobody, no longer claims them

Remorses,
drowned in cold and absurd sweats,
they are still looking,
the root of a shore of Words,
of, which to cling,
in the desperation of Moments,
what they no longer know, where,
to they go,
in their mad run,
toward the childish Dreams,
of a Love,
about which they did not yet find out,
how they lie crushed,
by the waves of some Smiles of Lead,
through whose Wrinkles
is flowing us the river of so many Hopes,
what, they turned out to be vain,
once drowned,
in the Tears of some Memories,
on which Nobody,
no longer claims them,
Ever.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

73. With the unfulfilled Desires

Why did you break the Dawns,
of on the Heaven of my Words,
Love,
as then to crumple them,
until when nor a Memory,
to it no longer be able to use them, ever,
at the tailoring of Feelings,
where they could sew from them,
so many pieces of clothing,
for the Dreams that tremble of cold,
and they show their nakedness,
in, the unshaved face of the Hopes,
who, seeing them,
how poor they are,
they avoid them,
every time,
for, to let them,
with the unfulfilled Desires.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

74. Deleted addresses

Stars extinguished,
by the lime of the Forgetfulness,
used by Illusions of Life and Death,
to paint the Time,
which once painted,
hinders the Way of Dreams,
what they want to touch,
their ardent Horizons,
of the Love,
faded,
forsaken by all,
on the streets of the Feelings,
with deleted addresses,
that to may not be able to call,
to Nobody,
when she runs
through the Blizzard of the Moments,
believing in her naivety,
that she can ever find us.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

75. The Storms of the dark Emotions

Clouds of Words,
they hurt us the Unrests,
with the Storms of the dark Emotions,
of the Destiny,
what, began to thunder and lightning,
with homeless Days,
over the disheveled hair of the Moments,
of some Hopes,
what they have remained us, uncut
by the increasingly heavy expectations,
which, they crush us, any opposition,
on the stairs of the Cathedrals of Despairs,
at which, we kneel,
praying us to the Nobody,
to help us,
the Steps, what barely move,
of a Love,
banished by the Original Sins,
from the Icons of our Souls,
because has wanted to we be,
only ourselves.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

76. The last Act

Bitter roots,
of Expectations,
they collapse,
together with the shores of the Hopes,
in the threatening waves,
of the rivers,
of dark Feelings,
what break everything,
in the Way of Truth,
leaving the Absurd, cold and indifferent,
to crucify our Love,
on the rotten wood,
of the scene on which we played,
until, the Last Act,
the role of the Living Statues,
from the Piece of the Pain,
so applauded,
from the Lodge of the Despairs.

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

77. The Hopes, increasingly exhausted

Windows of Heaven,
they lie broken on cold and blackened pavement,
by the Times,
of the Dreams,
from which they feed,
the lost Glances,
of the deserted Horizons,
from which we braided our Hopes,
increasingly exhausted,
on, the roads without of return,
toward, the Death,
from which the Illusions of Happiness,
they did not understand anything ever,
when they applauded us, our performances,
of Living Statues,
of the Nobody,
what they were always ready, to love,
with all their being.

SORIN CERIN
- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

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- THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE-
- philosophical poems-

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